

FORD TIMES

october 1953





THIRTY miles south of Guadalajara, in southern Mexico, is the town of Chapala, on the shore of a lake of the same name. Its charms are many; its living is cheap. Its beauty is one of deep colors and sharp contrasts, ideally suited to the silk-screen technique—known as serigraphy—in which John Russell Clift has chosen to portray it. The scene above is the market at Chapala, to which farmers come on Sundays to buy and sell, and to talk politics. For other scenes of Chapala, and a story also by Mr. Clift, see “Chapala—Mexico’s Shangri-la,” on page 34. ■

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For the past several years the FORD TIMES has published a series of articles under the general title, "My Favorite Town." Traditionally, they have been on the human side, detailing the town's claims to distinction, not in statistics, but in the author's experience. Here's one with a reverse twist: Hanover is not only the author's, but also the author's dog's favorite town.

My Dog Likes It Here

(Hanover, New Hampshire)

by Corey Ford

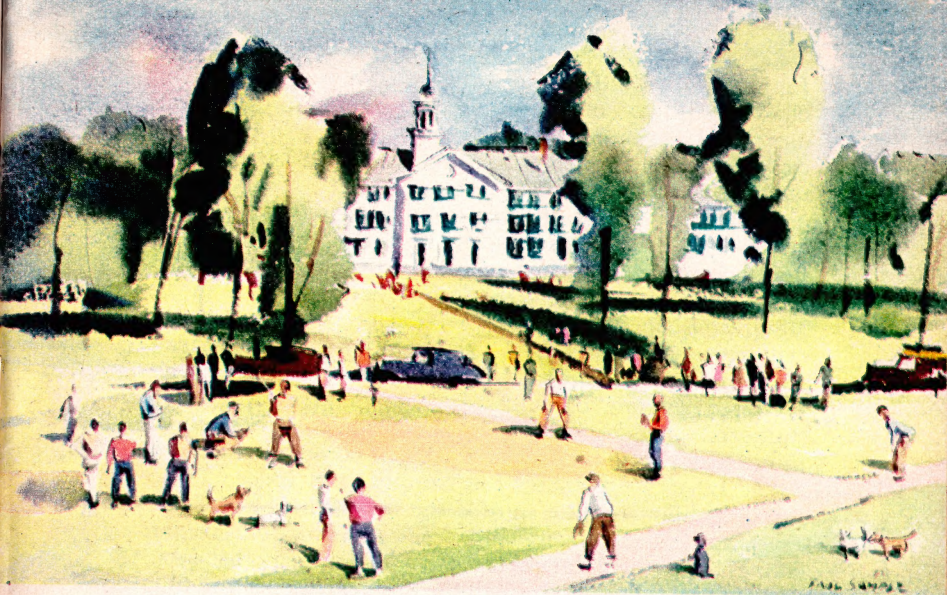
paintings by Paul Sample

MY DOG made up my mind to live in Hanover. My dog is a large English setter, who acquired me when he was about six months old, and who has been making up my mind for him ever since. When we go out on a leash together he decides whether to run or walk or halt abruptly at the corner lamppost to mail a letter. He decides what time I get up in the morning, and which chair I can sit in (except the overstuffed chair in the livingroom, which is his). Naturally, when the time came to choose a place in which to live, I left the whole decision to my dog.

He picked Hanover because he says it is a very good town for dogs. A lot of dogs seem to feel the same way, because the town is full of them. I don't know how the word gets around; maybe the resident dogs leave secret signs on trees for other dogs to read, the way tramps do:

"This is a good jungle, no cops to chase you, and plenty of food to eat."

Hanover is the kind of town where dogs wander unescorted up and down the street, and the butchers save meat-bones to give them, and when you eat at the Hanover Inn, which is one



Students and dogs play softball at Dartmouth.

of the best eating places in all New England, the waitress wraps up your table-scraps in a paper napkin so you can take them out to your dog in the car.

A good dog-town is a friendly town, small enough to call up when a neighbor's dog strays from home, and easy-going enough to stop the car if a dog is crossing the street. Hanover is like that.

Maybe it's because it is a college town: dogs prefer students, because they're the same age. You'll always see a dozen or so dogs on the Dartmouth campus, dashing between the legs of undergraduates playing softball, or lolling on the grass beside a group of collegians with shirts peeled off, sun-bathing on a warm spring afternoon. Stray dogs are always running out on the football field and getting in the players' way, and once an English setter named Bucky, who owns the Secretary of the College, fell in love with the captain of the baseball team and held up the Dartmouth-Harvard game for ten minutes because he insisted on lying on the pitcher's mound at his hero's feet.

A lot of Dartmouth people are owned by dogs. President

Hanover dogs are enthusiastic sports spectators→

John Sloan Dickey belongs to a big golden retriever, who sits beside the President's desk in the Administration Building all day and walks him home every night on a leash, to make sure that Dr. Dickey doesn't run away. During a fraternity initiation one of the pledges had to survey all the Hanover dogs, to determine which was the largest; he measured fifty-seven dogs, and Dr. Dickey's was second. (The winner was an elderly St. Bernard who is associated with the English Department.)

The town stands above the Connecticut River, on the broad Hanover plain which Eleazar Wheelock cleared almost two centuries ago to found a missionary school for the Indians. Its center is the Dartmouth green, a level rectangle of grass bordered by fine old elms and surrounded by the green-shuttered Georgian brick buildings of the college. I happen to think it is the most beautiful college commons in America. Baker Library dominates the campus, and indeed the town itself. Its lighted white spire is the first thing you see, as you drive toward Hanover; and from morning to evening its chimes ring their cadences on the hour, echoing over the campus and sounding through the business district and filtering into all the private dwellings, becoming a subconscious part of every life, linking the college and the town into one community together.

Hanover is a small town—its population is only about four thousand—and it is unspoiled by progress. No railroad scatters its soot over the neat white frame houses; no great cement highway bisects it. It's still a small town. When you pick up the phone, you ask the operator for a name instead of a number. The stores along its Main Street are as up-to-date as those of any big city; but shopkeepers call you by your first name. It has a fine modern hospital and efficient schools and post office and movie theater; but on the edge of town the fields are being plowed for corn, and the pine-covered hills are loud with grouse in the fall, and every December men in boots and checkered shirts, with hunting licenses pinned to their caps, lounge in the doorway of Champion's store and discuss the ten-point buck that Joe seen last night up to Moose Mowntin.

A college town is not like other towns. Its life changes with the college year. All summer long, when Dartmouth is in recess, Hanover lazes about its local business, and the stores

Dartmouth boys have always been sun worshippers→



are half-empty, and there is room to park on Main Street; but the place seems empty, a little older and even a little lonely. The townspeople say to each other: "It's certainly nice to have a little peace and quiet for a change!" But the words echo hollowly, as in a house without furniture.

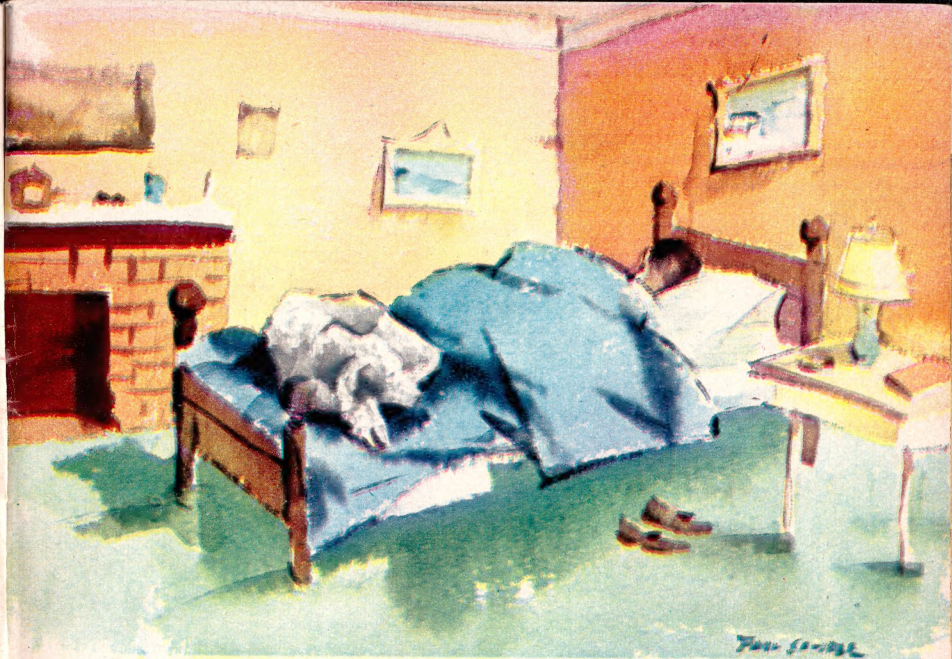
Then in the early fall, when the air quickens with the first cool nights and the katydids predict frost in six more weeks, the town suddenly stirs to life. Warm new blood gushes through its veins, and it is twenty years old again. Two thousand hand-picked young men, the best of America's new generation, pour into town by train and plane and private car to start another school year. They stroll down Main Street in dungarees and T-shirts and battered white bucks, they jam into the flick—it's the New Nugget now—and howl insults at the lovers on the screen, they crowd along the lunch counters, their heels locked around the rungs of the stools, gulping milk-shakes and pouring over the *Daily D*.

Sometimes the town burghers shudder, when the boom of a football rally shakes the night air, or when a swarm of out-of-townners and uninvited guests invades Dartmouth's traditional Winter Carnival and turns the village streets into bedlam. Sometimes there are brushes with the local gendarmes, when youth erupts violently after a siege of exams.

Once, a few years ago, the town fathers made the tactical mistake of passing a law requiring the students at Dartmouth to pay a poll-tax in order to vote. The students paid the tax. Then, in March, they moved in on the annual town-meeting, outnumbering the local residents two to one, and within an hour they had voted for such long-needed improvements as a beer-bubbler in the center of the campus and a new Town Hall five hundred feet high and six feet square. The poll-tax was revoked.

The college is deeply conscious of its obligation to the town; President Dickey states over and over that the duty of a liberal arts college is to share its cultural treasures and its spirit with the community where it lives. Its lectures and concerts are open to the townspeople. When a heavy winter snowfall cripples transportation, students and faculty turn out to aid in shoveling the streets clear. If a forest-fire threatens, the undergraduates make the supreme sacrifice of cutting classes for the day in order to help.

Every Christmas the fraternities at Dartmouth give elaborate parties for the children of Hanover, complete with ice cream



The dogs share bed and board in Hanover.

and cookies and a bagful of presents distributed by the football tackle dressed up as Santa Claus.

I like Hanover in the winter, when ski-boots squeak on the hard-packed snow and ski-racks are fastened to the tops of cars headed for Balch Hill.

I like it in the spring, when the duckboards are down for students to cross the muddy green, and northbound geese honk overhead, and the opening day of trout season is only a couple of weeks away.

Best of all I like it in October, when the tang of wood-smoke is in the air and the gold and crimson hills that surround the town are like folded Persian carpets, and on a fine fall afternoon, when classes are over, Dartmouth students and townspeople alike shoulder their shotguns and take off for the grouse and woodcock covers, with a setter or a pointer or a spaniel tagging at their heels.

Which is why my bird dog would rather live here in Hanover than any other place in the world. I'm glad that he decided as he did. I feel the same way. ■



*"Try to look majestic, dear—I'm sending this shot
to the FORD TIMES."*



photograph by Ernst Peterson

Happy Hunting Ground—

a one-picture story

IN western Montana, at the base of the Bitterroot Mountains, there's a lake that was once romantically known by an Indian name meaning, "The Lake of the White Moose." It was a main encampment of local Indians—probably the Salish. Much about it has changed in the past half century or so: a fifty-foot dam built in 1909 enlarged the lake to four times its original size, flooding the Indian campsites; its name was changed to Lake Como; and the Indians were transferred to a reservation.

Now, each year in late summer and early fall, the level of the lake falls as the impounded water is used for irrigation. On the widened shoreline, amateur archaeologists have a field day. Each Sunday afternoon finds them diligently searching the exposed lake bottom for arrowheads and other Indian artifacts. Lake Como is within the Bitterroot National Forest, three miles west of U. S. 93. ■

The Case of the Misplaced Hunters

by Franklin M. Reck

photographs by Edgar Carlson and John Kendrick

ONE weekend last fall, twelve men went forth to engage the birds and beasts of forest and swamp. For self-defense they carried only weapons that antedated the age of internal combustion, these being the longbow, slingshot, boomerang, weighted stick, blowgun, tomahawk, and the throwing knife of the Malay Peninsula.

In a way, it was a noble experiment, the purpose being to test in the hands of the modern huntsman those weapons that have been successfully used for eons by aborigines and ancestors.

Before going into the grim details, we will list the results, viz:

ONE SQUIRREL

Since this was the second annual ancient weapon hunt conducted by the *FORD TIMES*, it is now possible to reduce the results of the research to a fairly reliable statistic. Each hunt lasted two days. Each occupied the attention of twelve skilled trackers of game, making a total of forty-eight man-days of hunting. Since no game whatever was bagged the first year, the flow of meat toward the dining table over the two-year period was exactly one forty-eighth squirrel per man-day, or enough to sustain in luxury a family of meat-eating wasps.

It cannot be said that opportunity was lacking. The Crouse estate near Detroit, upon which the hunt was held, is sixteen hundred acres of forest, swamp and field, with a mile and a half of creek and 140 acres of lake. Here the deer roam freely and in abundance. There are so many rabbits that acres of multiflora roses are chewed to earth before they can take hold. The squirrels press upon the means of subsistence. Ducks and geese pause here by the thousands each fall.

The stratagems employed to bring hunter within effective range of these hordes included the drive, the stalk, the sit and



Bowman at Crouse Farm

the prone wiggle. The party's assembled and distilled knowledge of habitat, terrain and animal nature was concentrated on the problem of bringing about proximity. This kind of thing went on for two days, in a veritable heat wave of cunning that began at dawn and ended at twilight. The only interruptions were the meals, featuring steaks from the freezer and fish from the market.

As the hunt proceeded, an overlooked truth dawned upon the hunters. The noiseless weapon, it was found, lacks the versatility of the shotgun. A shotgun may be used against all small game, and with a slug it will fell a deer. A slingshot, on the other hand, is excellent for squirrels and rabbits but is of little use against a duck and no good at all on a deer. A longbow is fine for deer but highly improbable on a bounding rabbit and useless against ducks. A weighted stick occasionally fetches a rabbit but merely bounces off a deer, while a boomerang is most effective against hunters because of its

nasty habit of coming back.

Noiseless weapons are one-man, one-quarry devices. Thus the problem of the hunt was not only to bring man and game together but to have the proper weapon there at the time. It was this complication that proved the party's undoing. For example:

Among the many skilled hunters, our party boasted perhaps the finest slingshot marksman in the country, Johnny Milligan, a man who had learned the art in the Tennessee hills and had gone on to become a feature attraction at sportsmen's shows. For years he has flicked the ashes from a partner's cigarette without losing a partner.

Saturday morning, long before breakfast, he went out with a companion to hunt squirrels in the oak forest south of the main lodge. Wise in his knowledge of squirrels he employed both the stalk and the sit. It was while he sat motionless against a background of dead leaves and stumps, scanning bare limbs for the flick of a squirrel's tail, that two deer minced delicately down the draw, twenty feet away, upwind and unafraid.

It was the kind of opportunity bowmen dream of, but there sat Milligan with his slingshot. And where were the bowmen? They were in the lodge planning the morning's deer drive.

The deer drive was planned with sagacity. The lower half of the estate consists of low pine plantings where deer often bed during the day. East of the plantings are swampland and a thin hardwood forest crossed by two well-worn deer runs.

Two bowmen were to be stationed in the hardwood on a small rise between the deer runs. The drivers, starting a mile and a half to the west, would work through the pine plantings and the swamp, thus moving the deer past the hunters.

"Don't bark," we warned, as a caution to those drivers who were in the habit of yelping like dogs. "All we want to do is get 'em moving, so they'll follow their usual paths."

Thus instructed, the carloads set out from the lodge and presently the hunters were posted with their bows in the hardwood. Shortly thereafter the drivers were spread out, a thin line of men walking toward the rising sun. They were armed with tapsticks and slingshots on the chance that they might come upon a rabbit or squirrel.

The line had hardly entered the pine plantings when a large doe sprang up, surveyed the situation and decided not to be driven, a decision both perverse and untypical. Taking flight toward the drivers, she nearly ran down one of the men, who



Taking a Break

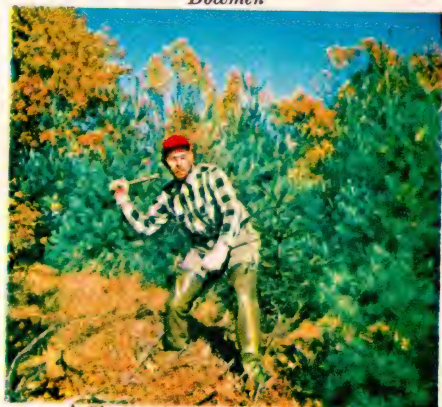


Bowmen



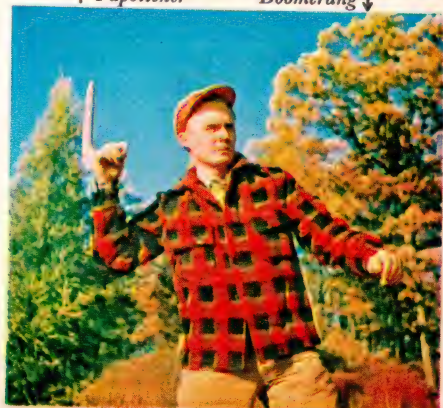
↑ *Game Ahead*

Slingshot ↓



↑ *Tapsticker*

Boomerang ↓



could have swatted her rump with a tapstick but saw no good reason for doing so. Instead he merely brandished it, meanwhile gazing rapt at one of the most graceful sights in nature—that of a deer bounding through a thicket, her white flag flirting with the tops of the Christmas trees.

The drive moved eastward, pausing on the highland to realign itself before plunging down into the swamp. During this time two more deer sprang up, both within close range of men with slingshots. Finally the drivers met the bowmen and asked eagerly if any deer had come that way.

“Just a Holstein cow and her calf,” the hunters answered.

Thus it was that where men had tapsticks and slingshots but should have carried bows, other men had bows but should have brought milk pails.

The case of the misplaced weapons moved implacably to its denouement. A pair of tapstickers, skirting the swamplands for rabbits, flushed a half dozen black ducks from a bend in the creek, while a party of boomerang men, hunting ducks a mile farther down the stream, came upon a ten-point buck enjoying a midafternoon siesta in the tall swamp grass. The bowmen who might have brought down the buck were in the sugar bush where for the first time the squirrels were out in force, fine targets for the exhausted slingshot artists who were having coffee in the lodge.

Yet there were many near misses, the most hair-raising of these being scored by returning boomerangs.

The lone bag, the fat fox squirrel, was the result of a misunderstanding all around. Obviously, by Saturday, the squirrel was under the justifiable impression that he was living in a wildlife sanctuary. Monrad Thorsen, the hunter, found him sitting on a limb high in an oak tree.

“I fired almost my whole bag of ball bearings,” he said, “and the squirrel paid no attention. Finally one fetched him a clout behind the ear. It was clearly a case of overconfidence.”

Two years of research with noiseless weapons by the *FORD TIMES* have vastly increased the respect of everyone concerned for the ancestors and aborigines who depended on these implements for meat. The advance of civilization hasn't been all gain. Something has been lost. The art of heaving missiles with accuracy and dispatch has gone the way of the shaving mug.

From our labors we draw one inescapable conclusion—hunting with ancient weapons is the safest possible sport for man and beast.



photograph by John R. Clawson

The Cross of Padilla—

a one-picture story

ONLY fifty years after Columbus discovered the New World, Spanish missionaries penetrated to the center of the continent. There, on the rolling plains of Kansas, the first Christian martyr to be buried on American soil was murdered by the people he sought to teach.

In 1540, Coronado had set out from Mexico in search of the Seven Cities of Cibola, a supposed land of fabulous wealth, and was directed north to the Kingdom of Quivira, located in the Arkansas River basin of south central Kansas. Thirty horsemen looked in vain for the villages where even pots and pans were made of gold. One of these was Juan de Padilla.

The expedition was a failure, but in 1542 Father Padilla traveled once more to Quivira, this time as a missionary of the Church. His efforts were cut short when he was killed, but the cross shown above, inscribed "Jesus Christ, Victor," enshrines his memory. It is located four miles west of Lyons. ■



CUSTOM CONVERSIONS

The Fiberglas Gazelle

by Melvin Beck

JAMES CRAIG, a Rumson, New Jersey, automobile body shop operator, calls the car pictured above the Gazelle, and is turning out limited copies of it using frames and chassis of 1942, '46, '47, and '48 Fords. In utilizing the frames, Craig lowers them two and a quarter inches, and equips them with special air shocks and a gyro skid control bar.

The car's Mercury engine is

fitted with three-quarter cam, aluminum high compression heads, twin carburetors, and twin "straight-through" exhausts. Craig develops 170 hp with this rig and considers the acceleration of the 1,500-pound car exceptional.

The Fiberglas body is molded in a single piece, and the doors, trunk lid, fenders and hood are then cut out by hand. The single-piece windshield is curved and the

car's hard top slides out of sight behind the seat. The doors, balanced on eight-pound loaded springs, telescope into the fenders at the touch of a button. Any bumps or scratches are easily repaired with a handy kit that is stored in the car.

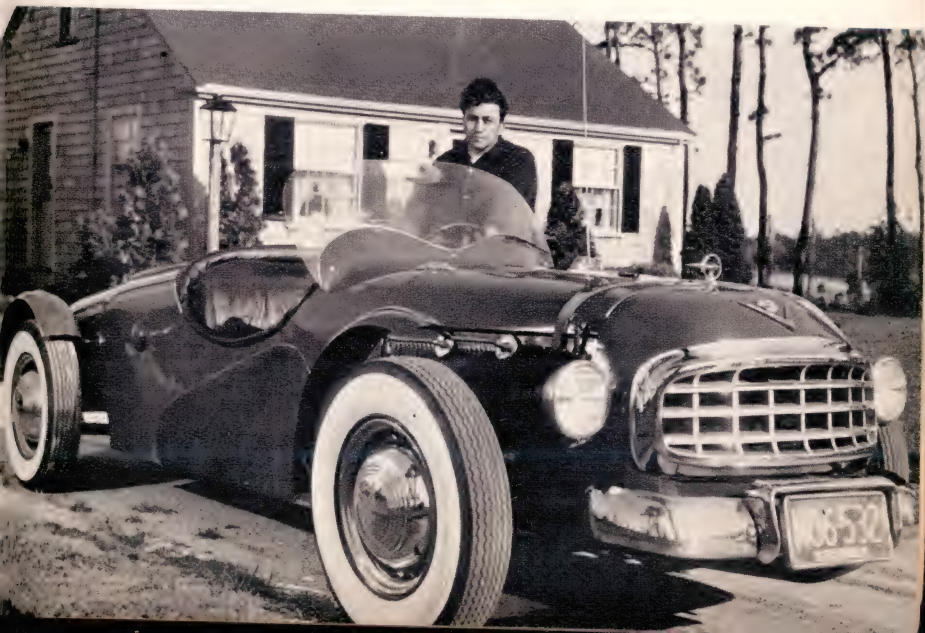
The Gazelle will comfortably seat three persons, and use of the trunk compartment as a rumble seat will admit another passenger or two.

Edward Soares of Osterville, Massachusetts, departed from conventional lines when he re-styled the car shown below. He used Ford, Mercury, and Lincoln parts in doing the job in a year and a half's spare time effort. The 1937 Ford chassis was channeled to

provide a seven-inch road clearance and the springing remains standard '37 Ford.

A hopped-up 1946 Mercury engine runs through a '37 Ford transmission and is linked with a Columbia two-speed rear axle. The body frame consists of one and one-quarter inches by one-quarter-inch cold rolled steel over which 20-gauge sheet steel was hand-formed. The bicycle-type fenders were cut from 1935 and '36 Ford metal tire covers.

Mrs. Soares contributed to the effort by making the cardinal red leatherette upholstery. The completed car stands 38 inches high and has a standard 1937 Ford wheelbase. Soares says the car will do close to 120 mph. ■





California's Other Coast

by Jeff Taylor

paintings by Harvey Pell

MENTION of the California coast usually brings to mind the bright Pacific, a white, palm-fringed strand, and a lazy, rolling surf. This is quite true at the bottom of the state, but California has another coast about 150 miles north of San Francisco that is so un-California-like as to be startling.

This coast is made up largely of the rocky, precipitous shoreline of big Mendocino County, from which it takes its name. State Highway 1 clings to these stern cliffs, following a winding, three-dimensional course that is always in view of the surf that boils among off-shore rocks protruding like so many cypress knees.

The Mendocino Coast has a varied appearance. A movie firm, filming a story with a setting in Nova Scotia, went on location on the Mendocino Coast. Another studio chose it as the place to make a movie that was laid on the south coast of England. In places it suggests the southern Italian coast crossed by the famed Amalfi drive.

The heart of the Mendocino Coast can be reached from the south by turning off U.S. 101 at Cloverdale and following State Highway 28 to Albion. This drive is not wasted, because the highway bores through dense forests of redwood—the lumbering of which has been the most important single factor in Mendocino's history.

At times as the highway twists through these eerie rain forests the foliage is so dense that even the bright sun of midday cannot penetrate to the ground, and the great trunks of the redwoods seem to close in on the road. When the highway breaks into the open near Albion there is the blinded feeling of having emerged from a tunnel. Then the redwood

Above left: Beach at Ten Mile River.

Below left: Russian Gulch State Park.



← *Rocks protruding from the Mendocino shore.*

atmosphere is gone and the craggy, wave-whipped Mendocino Coast takes over.

Instead of the great trees there are stunted shoreline growths and weathered cypress. Long windbreaks of the tall and weedy eucalyptus soon become a familiar sight along the highway.

At intervals Highway 28 loops inland to avoid gorges cut by the coast's rivers, and travels upstream to sturdy little bridges. At some of these points—usually at rocky coves or river mouths—are the remains of old redwood sawmills, grown up in weeds, some with their conical wood burners still intact.

In the old days these choppy inlets were known as “dog holes,” and the sturdy little ships that stood by to load lumber in the rocky bays soon became known as dog hole schooners. Skippers and crews of these tough little vessels boasted that they could “load until their decks were four feet under.”

These rivers—the Little, Noyo, Albion, Gualala—teem with hungry steelhead in the fall and early winter and are beginning to attract flycasters from distant points. Those who wish to fish the rock-strewn shore can, with the right tide, make good catches of rock cod, orange rockfish, lingcod, cabezone, red snapper, or surf perch, all lumped under the name, “rockfish.” They are taken by casting or still fishing.

Hunting for abalone, the big, meaty shellfish peculiar to the West Coast, is one of the most popular West Coast sports, and can be pursued successfully in the Mendocino area.

Accommodations may be had in and around the pleasant small towns—Albion, Little River, Mendocino, Fort Bragg—or in ranch and farm homes in between. For the campers, the state maintains scenic and secluded campsites in valleys and gulches over the water's edge. Outstanding among these are Russian Gulch State Park near Mendocino, and Dimmick State Park near Elk, set in stands of giant redwood. Another is Van Damme State Park near Albion, where acres of rhododendrons attract many visitors each spring. ■



— *Sheep grazing on the high, open bluffs.*



Ghost Town of Marble

story and photographs by Forrest N. Yockey

MOST GHOST TOWNS are remnants of wood with all the life gone out of it. This one is of marble, a material that never really dies. Wooden ghost towns are pitifully, hopelessly, completely dead. Marble ghost towns, whether near Rome or the Rockies, have a way of insisting that life will return, if it ever really left.

That's probably why the thirty residents of Marble, a quarrying town in the Elk Mountains of Colorado, maintain that theirs is no ghost town. So they sit on their front stoops and gaze toward the east face of Treasury Mountain and dream of the day of resurrection.

If resurrection ever comes it will be a mighty one, for Marble has a long way to go. It was at its zenith in 1916 when seven hundred men were employed in the marble industry. There were two newspapers, a bank, a band, a school, two churches, a marble jail built to last to eternity, and a population of 1600 boosters.

The history is a typical one of boom-and-bust in the Western tradition. When marble was a fashionable building material, the fine stuff of Treasury Mountain—a pure carbonate of lime that rivals the best Italian marble—moved with commendable frequency down the mountains to all parts of the country. It made the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, a hundred-ton block that required a year of cutting before it could be moved out of the quarry, after which it was sent—of all places—to Vermont for processing.

Yule marble, named for the Colorado-Yule Marble Company which began operations in 1905, was used in the Lincoln Memorial, in the U. S. Customs House in Denver, and in municipal buildings in New York City. It is a stupendous legacy of permanent grandeur. The old mill site is shown above left; below is the mouth of the quarry on Treasury Mountain. ■



My Favorite Town—

The Old Corsican Village

by Ben Masselink

paintings by Brice Mack

MY FAVORITE town is the skin and shell of a village, a village disemboweled, a village in costume, masked and puttied and, in places, powder-cracked and wrinkled. It has a haunting quality, a golden sadness. No one lives there, yet it is not deserted. At the same time it can be as delightful, apprehensive or absurd as a magician's props—the chair that collapses, the bird cage that folds.

Like a suit of armor standing erect, dusty and empty, waiting for its occupant, this village stands desolate, an illusion of far-away places and romantic days, against the yellow hills of the Santa Suzana Pass between Los Angeles and the Pacific Ocean. It waits for citizens which intermittently flit in and out of focus on its streets as if in the fanciful dreams of children.

This village has many histories, mostly false. It's called the Old Corsican Village but it has been Russian, Spanish, North African. Its roots feed on many foreign soils. However, the true history began fifteen years ago when this property, the western slope of the Santa Suzana Pass five miles west of Chatsworth on State Highway 118, was bought by Ray "Crash" Corrigan, television and motion picture star.

Corrigan immediately began developing this rugged country into a movie location. He built his ranch house as photographically as possible, then added a nineteenth-century Western street. More than just shells, these buildings have practical value; they house Corrigan and his family, the ranch hands, and the machinery needed for operation. But from the outside they're typically wild west and have been recorded on thousands of feet of film. Motion picture and television

Above left: The empty square in the Old Corsican Village.

Below left: The sheriff's office has a deceptively solid look.



←“Crash” Corrigan obliges with his autograph.

studios rent these locations by the day. There is a saloon with no whiskey, a Wells Fargo Office, a sheriff's office, a jail with wooden bars, a general store where visitors can buy curios, stables with real horses, a wooden frame church where twentieth-century couples have been married, and a bank that has been robbed of hundreds of empty black satchels.

Just east of this western town the scene changes. A border is crossed. Live oaks form a sun-flecked tunnel over a clay road. Mesquite and yellow dust have yielded to cool, wet grass and shady lanes. It's old England. It's Robin Hood's Sherwood Forest. Pictures such as *The Iron Mask* and *The Loves of Carmen* have been filmed here. But the bridge on which Robin Hood sparred with Little John leads to Africa. Here on the Corrigan Ranch, England is but fifty yards from old California, and Africa but a stream's width from England.

On a wide plateau overlooking the ranch is Fort Apache. It's quiet and hot, dusty and deserted. The Indians and the soldiers are far away in the Hollywood drug stores. The arcade of quarters seems real enough until you push open a door. Inside there's nothing but two-by-fours and the California sky. It's as if someone neatly sliced these buildings in two with a great cleaver. The Fort Apache set was built at a cost of \$60,000 for the picture of that name. It has also been used in *Streets of Laredo*, *Mule Train*, and *Ambush*.

The heart of the Corrigan Ranch is the old Corsican Village—my favorite. From Fort Apache you look down on it nestling in a gully, and it's quite a shock to see this old-world hamlet, flowering and cool, from the hot hills of California.

The village was built five years ago for \$103,000 by Howard Hughes for the movie *Vendetta*. The blueprints were drawn from a Corsican village on the Mediterranean but since then it has been used in a Russian film, *The Inspector General*, and for Spanish, North African, and other old-world settings. Studio carpenters put up the framework, and plasterers molded the faces of the buildings from “staff,” a plaster which, when dry, is as light as a balloon. The buildings are far from flimsy. They are made to stand up under the California weather and an occasional bouncing body.

You feel a haunting quality, a golden sadness, as you walk down the dusty road and into the village itself, stand in the

←An open doorway destroys the illusion of reality.



←“Residents” flit in and out of focus on the empty streets.

shady square and look up past the giant oaks through the windows of the bell tower and across the valley beyond to the hills of California. The village seems lost, a wanderer in this enormous land, a new arrival unable to speak the language. Because the village is in a pocket of land it's always dusk, with a weird atmosphere of golden light. The quietness is loud.

It is after you have looked about you and stepped up on the plaster threshold of the cafe to peer in the partly opened door that you feel an apprehensive chill. Nothing moves. There is not a sign of life. Even the breeze by-passes this dry husk of village. It is as if this is your village and this morning you got up and went for a walk in the hills. Now you have returned and there is nobody. They have all fled. Something happened. The word was passed—about a bomb, an invader, a germ—and you weren't told. They've all gone and left you.

But when you've stepped through these doorways and discovered what's behind these cosmetic fronts you find the village delightful and absurd. For the first time you realize that it *does* exist—on film. It becomes alive and absolute only in a darkened theatre. When you first walked into it you were tricked by its great practical joke and now you see through the trick. It's not a village at all but a bold, painted face propped up by a network of rain-stained two-by-fours. This Corsican village is as bogus as a three-dollar bill, but as charming as the fantasies of children.

A child ignores the truth here. He is not bothered by a lack of backs and insides. On week ends families picnic in the village—the fare to Corsica is sixty cents for adults, thirty cents for children—and the kids explore the phony buildings and live the pictures they have seen in theatres and on television. They do not question the burlap walls, the dry, crumbling fountain, the painted bougainvillea, the sky-filled cafe. An illusion is all they require.

It's my favorite village because it's a big joke . . . because it's as ridiculous as an actor in make-up and eighteenth-century dress smoking in the alley of a New York theatre . . . because it's the trick in all drama, the baited hook which catches the spectator and pulls him gently into fiction. To walk into this village is to walk through the looking glass, and into the strange world of your imagination. ■

←*Twentieth-century couples have been married in this church.*



Mt. Holyoke's Covered Railway

by Norma Mason

painting by George Cohen

THE PICTURE on this page shows a building that has long been a puzzle to travelers following U. S. 5 along the Connecticut River between Holyoke and Northampton, in western Massachusetts. Topped by an ark of a summit house, it lies against the side of Mt. Holyoke like a tilted tobacco barn.

The structure claims a special exclusiveness: it is the only inclined railway in the world with a cover over it. The story begins with the fact that the view from the top of Mt. Holyoke is exceptionally attractive. The mountain is no Alp, and not even a Yankee would call it one, but the fields, the river, the spires of towns, and the hills stretching away below are as pleasant as an old-fashioned oil painting.

In 1849, one John French and a friend climbed to the top

via a trail that Amherst College students had hacked out years earlier. Agreeing that they had never seen or ever hoped to see anything so lovely, they promptly capitalized a partnership at five dollars apiece, bought most of the mountain, and put the view on the market.

The first thing they did was expand the existing building into a hotel where they sold bed and breakfast for thirty-eight cents. It became a popular diversion—except for the strain of making the ascent. Five years later, or fifteen years before Mt. Washington got its celebrated cog-wheel train, the partners built the railway. It carried passengers—who sat backwards for the sake of the view—from the half-way house slowly up to the summit in a pair of cars made from old sleighs.

It was literally a one-horse train. In the basement of the summit house, French installed gears and cables which were operated by a horse walking in a circle. Throughout the years the railway carried some two million passengers, and the only accident was when a young lady got a little panicky, jumped off, and cracked her ankle on the steps that went up alongside the rails. In recent years a steam engine furnished the power.

The railway itself was as much an attraction as the mountain and its view, but French, an imaginative promoter, wanted to increase business by making a stay at his hotel a stylish vacation, so he invited celebrated people to come in order to lend the place tone. Among them was Jenny Lind, who delighted French by raving about it in public. Longfellow, Alexander Graham Bell, Abraham Lincoln and John Quincy Adams have signed the guest register. Oliver Wendell Holmes did his share by writing a poem in which he spoke of “the glories of Mt. Holyoke.”

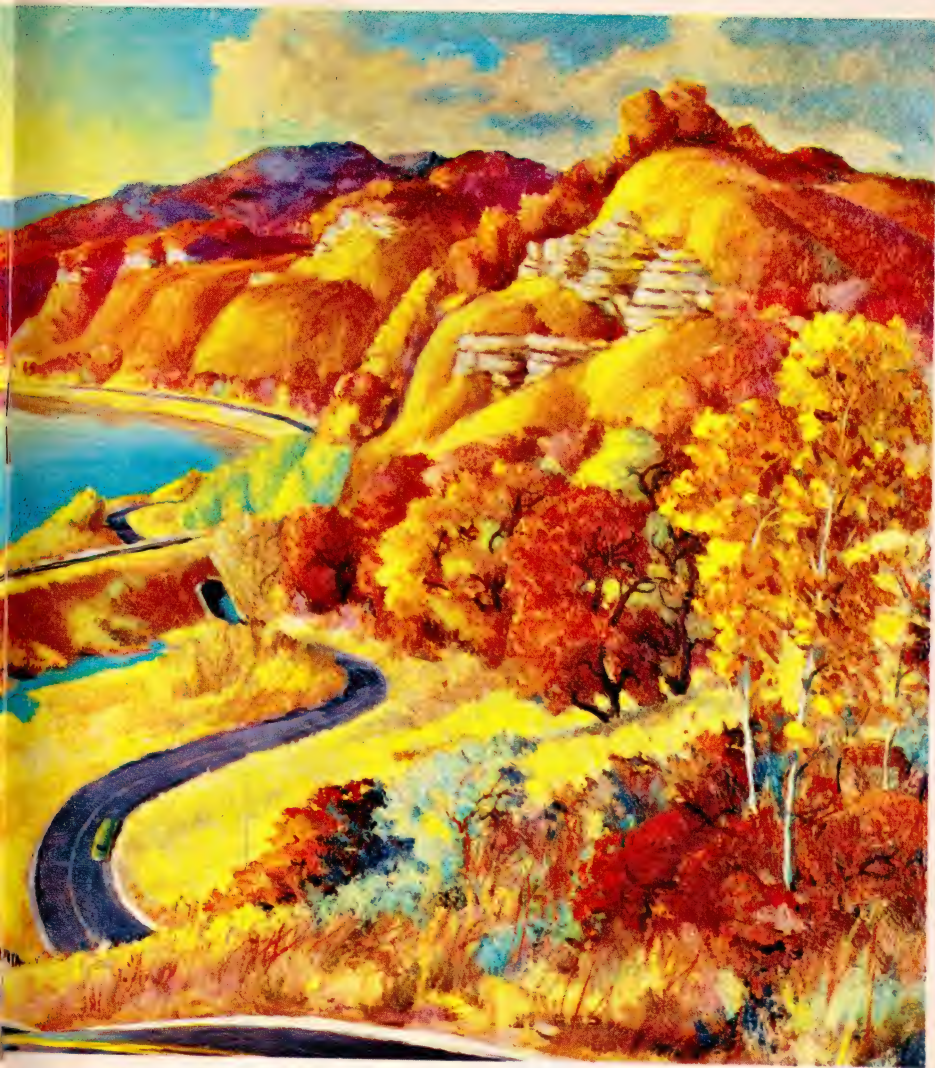
“The finest cultivated view in New England,” said French’s newspaper advertisements. By “cultivated” he could have meant either the rich and lovely farmlands sprawled at the foot of the mountain or the fact that from the summit you can see Amherst College; Northampton, home of Smith College; South Hadley, home of Mt. Holyoke College; and, on clear days with the aid of a telescope, New Haven, home of Yale.

Mt. Holyoke is now a state park and the buildings are state property. A good automobile road reaches the top from State Highway 47, on the east bank of the river. The railway isn’t running, but this is a pleasant place to picnic on a summer day, look at the scenes through antiquated telescopes, or just wander around the hotel, which is as Victorian as all get-out. ■



An American Road—along the Mississippi

“SOMEWHERE along Highway 35” is the title of this watercolor painted by John Warren for the FORD TIMES’ “American Road” series. The scene is the Wisconsin bank of



the upper Mississippi. Craggy palisades loom above wooded talus slopes; below, the highway winds along the river. In 1886 the Reverend David Van Slyke wrote a pamphlet proving that Trempealeau, a river town in this vicinity, was the site of the Garden of Eden. ■

Chapala—

MEXICO'S SHANGRI-LA

story and serigraphs by John Russell Clift

FROM Guadalajara, the second-largest city in Mexico, swing onto the Calzada Independencia and drive southward for thirty leisurely miles to Chapala. It's the nearest thing I know to Shangri-la.

The road climbs away from the city and slides across a vast plain that ripples in rich browns and ochres and greens to the encircling mountains. The scenery is beautiful—but keep one eye on the road or you're likely to hit one of the cows and burros that meander casually across the highway.

About twenty-two miles from Guadalajara you make a long ascent and suddenly, spread out below like a silver shield that could have belonged to some Aztec Paul Bunyan, is Lago de Chapala. Those two islands off to the left, Scorpion and Mazcala, were the scene of a valiant, futile defense by the Tarascan Indians during the Spanish conquest. And that cluster of buildings below you, nestling on the lake shore, is Chapala. It's the largest settlement on the lake, and a reasonable facsimile of heaven for time-harried, budget-weary *Norteamericanos*.

On your right as you enter the town are the police station and town hall. On your left are the inevitable plaza and bandstand where, on Sunday evenings, a local band does John Philip Sousa and Victor Herbert proud. As you continue along the wide main street under beautiful Indian laurel trees that cast their shade for fifty feet, you come in sight of the town's largest church. Its towers have been reflecting the warm Mexican sun for a hundred years.



The silk screen print reproduced above shows the lake at Chapala; at right is a pottery seller, with his wares, in the market place of the town.



Behind the church is one of the many pretentious summer homes that face on the playa and overlook the lake. For centuries the Indians around Chapala made crude clay idols which they threw into the lake as offerings to their gods. When the level of the lake dropped several feet a few years ago many of these examples of native art came to light. Some are still to be found protruding from the sediment in the shallow water.

Local fishermen have moved their boats to the new shoreline, and at an early hour every morning they are on the lake casting their nets for catfish, perch, charales and whitefish, which are almost translucent and are peculiar to this area. Charales, about the size of small goldfish, are cooked in deep fat, and eaten heads, tails and all, with a local drink called "Tequila and songra." Tequila, incidentally, costs a dollar a gallon. Bring your own jug.

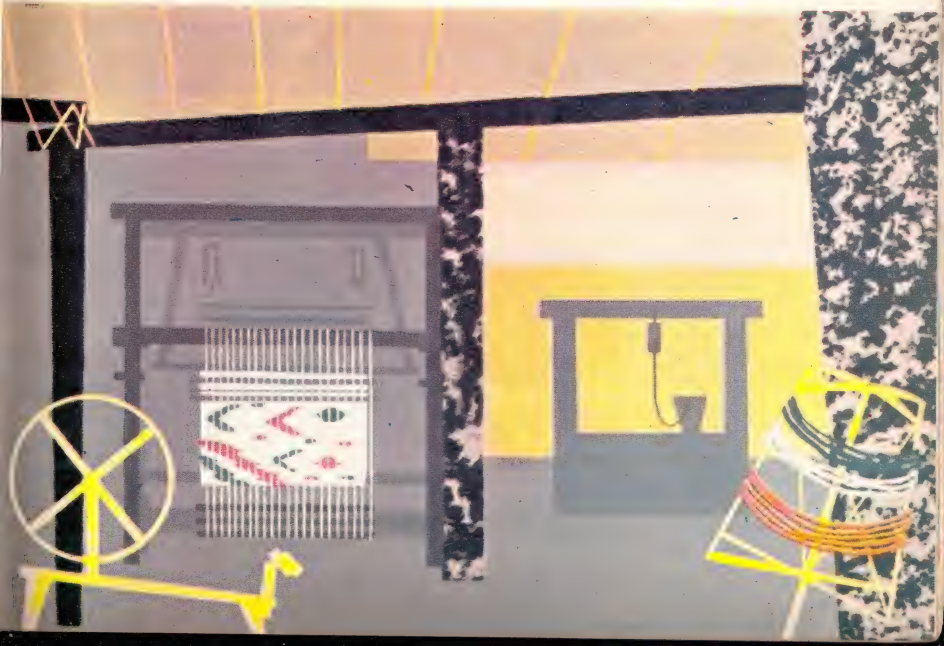
Almost everything in Chapala is inexpensive by stateside standards. Beefsteak costs eighteen cents a pound—twenty cents for a juicy T-bone—and you can get a steak dinner for fifty cents at the pleasant cafe overlooking the lake.

Other prices are comparable. A house with conveniences can be rented for as little as eighteen dollars a month. The town has two hotels: the Nido, where board and room is \$3.50 a day per person, and the Monte Carlo, which is somewhat more expensive. Both are first-rate hotels offering good Mexican and American food. There are stores where you can buy anything from a coke to a handmade basket. Sunday is market day. Farmers and their families from the surrounding countryside come to buy, sell, and talk politics.

Near Chapala there are several other places of more than casual interest:

Fifteen miles west of the town on a new road along the lake shore is Jocotopec, famous for hand-woven serapes. All the weaving is done by men who have set up looms in their homes. They create their patterns as they weave; no two designs are ever exactly alike. There is a very good *posada* (inn) here which acts as an outlet for the serapes and, incidentally, serves excellent meals, both Mexican and American. A small serape (two by three feet) costs about \$6.50 and the largest ones (four by six feet) range from \$13.50 for white to \$17.00 for red. If you wish, you can wear one; in any case they make beautiful rugs.

Weaver's house, Jocotopec→



On the outskirts of Guadalajara is Tlaquepaque, which, with nearby Tonalá, constitutes the largest ceramic center in Mexico. Here are many shops where pottery figures, toys, and dishes are made and sold. Here you can watch the crude black clay being shaped, baked, painted and glazed by descendants of the Totonac Indians, much as it was done in Aztec times.

The Odilon-Avalos Glass Works in Guadalajara is one of the two or three places in all Mexico where hand-blown glass is made. The Avalos family has been making it for generations. Time stands still while you watch these superb craftsmen pull molten glass from the ovens and blow it into graceful shapes in red, amber, blue and green. There are several showrooms where glasses, decanters, dishware, and glass miniatures can be admired extravagantly, and bought reasonably.

Guadalajara is famous for its old churches and its educational and cultural facilities—but don't miss its two market places, the Corona and the San Juan. Here you can purchase textiles, ceramics, wooden bowls, tinware, serapes, shawls, saddles, shoes of all kinds (including huaraches), toys, flowers, fruits, vegetables, meats, fish—anything you want or need.

Any time is a good time to visit Chapala, for the town has an average year-round temperature of seventy. Because of the altitude, five thousand feet, it never gets uncomfortably hot.

Winter is a time of almost continuous fiestas, celebrated with fireworks and music and dancing in the plaza. The season begins with Independence Day on September 15, the equivalent of our Fourth of July. Dead Men's Day occurs November 1 and 2—like Halloween, but more macabre. At Zapopan, on the outskirts of Guadalajara, there's a festival in honor of the Virgin of Zapopan from October 4 to 12. On December 12 Chapala children carry flowers to the altar in the church as offerings to the Virgin of Guadalupe. Dressed in brightly colored costumes, they carry birdcages containing live chicks on their backs, with miniatures of household objects dangling from the cages. Nine days before Christmas the pageant of Joseph and Mary is presented. After Christmas and New Year's comes Carnival Time on February 22. For nine days preceding it there are bullfights twice a day in Chapala. A queen and her attendants are chosen. A dance and reception are held in the plaza and the tavern on alternating days. On Saturday of Holy Week a paper effigy of Judas is burned before the church, and the winter festival program is climaxed by Easter.

There are no big fiestas in Chapala in summer, but there are

numerous small ones. But perhaps this is the best time to come, after all, for in summer you'll find leisure to do the things you've always wanted to do.

You can follow the example of Mexican families who come in large numbers to swim in the lake, promenade on the plaza or sip cool drinks at Acapulito—a group of open-air cafes with canvas roofs, facing the shore. Ballad singers known as *mariaches* serenade you for a small fee, accompanying themselves on stringed instruments. You can rent a boat for a trip on the lake, or to Scorpion Island where a lone inhabitant runs a cafe for thirsty voyagers.

Perhaps, at the end of a warm May-like afternoon, you'll wander down to the lake and watch the sun set behind the mountains, turning the lake to burnished copper. Chapala is on an old Spanish caravan route, and if you have a romantic nature, you may gaze at the gold-rimmed peaks and see a Spanish caravan laden with Indian treasure bound for a Gulf port and old Spain.

More likely you'll conclude that the real treasure was left behind in Chapala. ■

A street in Chapala.



Tennessee's Bundles of Nerves

by Burgess H. Scott
paintings by Charles Culver

THE HORSE, once a jittery wreck in the face of mechanical things, has, through numerous generations, calmed himself sufficiently to take cars, trains, and airplanes in his stride. The same goes for dogs, cows, and chickens.

One animal, however, which has been unable to stomach the advance of civilization lives in the plantation country of central Tennessee and is called, appropriately enough, the nervous goat. These curious animals, found native only in the region of Maury and Marshall counties, go into a rigid trance at any one of a long list of sights and sounds, both man-made and natural, considered by them to be alarming. Thus, the honking of a horn, the distant tooting of a train whistle, or a sudden clap of thunder will cause a freezing muscular action that renders them as stiff as so many wooden goats.

The trance lasts for a minute or so while the goat, either lying or standing, looks forward with a sightless gaze. When the spell is over the goat resumes his munching as if nothing had happened.

Because of this erratic behavior, the goats have acquired a variety of local names: stiff-legged, dancing, epileptic, and fainting. As "dancing goats," they have played to many audiences in circus and carnival sideshows.



The few veterinarians and related professional men who have given their attention to these peculiar animals admit that it is not known whether they represent an ancient breed or whether they are comparatively recent mutations. In appearance they seem to be mem-



bers of the established breeds.

Instances of this rigidity—or “myotonia,” as the vets know it—have been reported from several other parts of the country, but in all cases the outland goats have been traced directly to middle Tennessee nervous goat forebears. Likewise, present-day nervous goats bought in Tennessee and transplanted to faraway fields continue to fall into trances.

In a paper written in 1939, three observers cite a number of classic examples of the behavior of these animals during their frequent seizures. In one case a goat which had gone into a trance at something about as serious as the dropping of an acorn, became so rigid that his hind legs could be raised at will by pressing down on his horns.

Nervous goats that have been held under observation for study have responded willingly to a variety of stimuli, including an electric shock, a drop of ice water in the ear, an alarm clock bell ringing nearby, and even the slamming of a door. Chasing and pushing brought like results. A kid amazed the observers



by going into a bonafide trance only three hours after birth.

Noise isn't the only bane of nervous goats—they suffer attacks when confronted with exciting or even annoying decisions. One went rigid when he realized he would have to step over a twelve-inch board standing on edge.

This illustrates one reason why farmers still keep nervous goats: very little care has to be taken with the fencing of the goats' particular area because if they become excited enough to want to escape, they immediately go into a trance and are too stiffened to jump or climb. By the same token, while in this seizure the goats are vulnerable to anything which might be on hand to attack them.

The exact origin of the nervous goat is uncertain. They first came under professional scrutiny in 1904 when two of them were studied at length in a Nashville veterinary hospital. During the following few decades six or eight other studies were made of middle Tennessee's unstable goat. Included in the information was a report that one farmer had obtained a nervous goat from Canada, which led some to believe that Tennessee was not their native home.

This theory was supported by the experience of a Tennessee veterinarian who was traveling through Egypt. From his train window he noticed several goats in a field. As he watched, the train whistle blew and three or four of the animals promptly fell over in a violent spasm as do the goats of his home state. However, the time element was such that two enterprising nervous goats would have had no difficulty whatever in getting themselves traded off to places as distant as Canada and Egypt.



The studies included cross-breeding the nervous goats with normal animals, but this served only to dilute rather than explain the symptom. Blood studies on the nervous versus the normal animals likewise ruled out any quirk of body

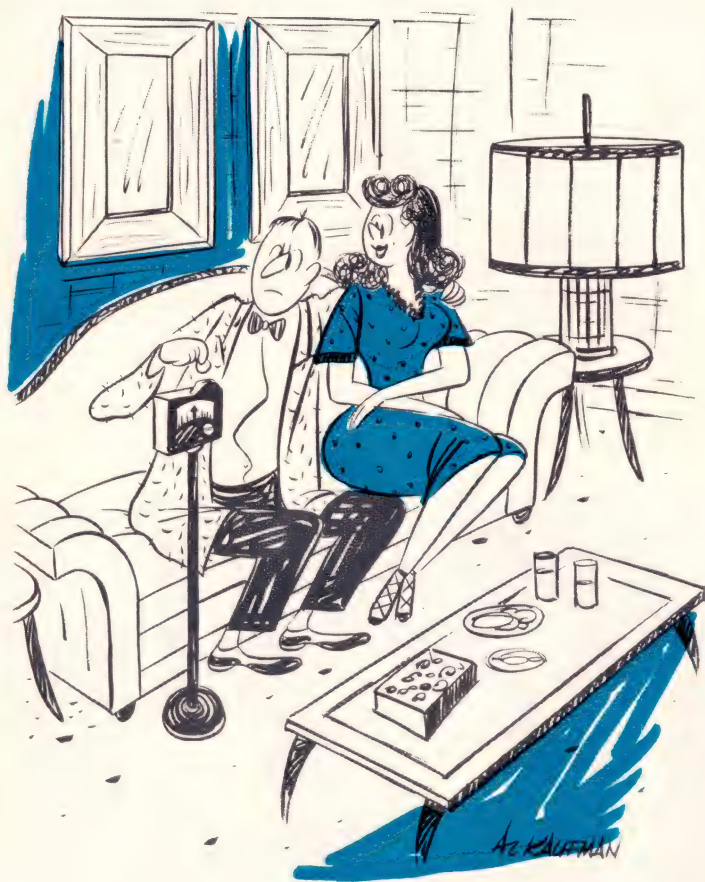
chemistry as the cause. Inquiry then turned toward the first record of the goats' presence in central Tennessee.

Study of the history of these goats invariably leads to a herd of four to six extremely nervous animals brought into Marshall County sometime around 1880 by a man named Tinsley. Little was known about Tinsley, and he puzzled the inhabitants all the more by having also brought an east Indian zebu, or sacred cow.

Tinsley stayed long enough to raise a crop of corn, during which time nobody ever learned where he came from. Then he departed, leaving his goats behind, and nobody ever learned where he went. It seems the only definite thing known about Tinsley was that his brogue was different from anybody's in middle Tennessee.

As research into the matter seems to have died down, and no one has professed an interest in resumming it, further exploration must be done by someone who is unwilling to accept Tinsley's animals as the Adams and Eves of this odd segment of the goat world. ■





"You'll have to admit, though—it's a pretty clever idea for a boy of ten."



The Chapel with the Venerable Bell— a one-picture story

story and photograph by Grover Brinkman

THE BELL in the chapel at McKendree College in Lebanon, Illinois, is older than the institution it serves, by a considerable margin. The college was established in 1828; its bell was first cast in the eighth century, in Spain, according to records believed to be authentic. McKendree College bought it in 1858 and had it installed in the tower of the new chapel, along with a clock. Since then it has called students and the public to ninety-five commencements. The clapper, however, is not original. For many years, stealing it was a favorite prank of students, and extra clappers were a standard supply item at McKendree. ■

Holy Hill, Wisconsin

story and paintings by Wayne Gunness

THE second highest elevation in Wisconsin is a cone-shaped hill about thirty miles northwest of Milwaukee. Its name, "Holy Hill," is appropriate not only because of the Carmelite shrine and monastery now on its summit, but because of the religious tradition that has surrounded it since pioneer days.

The Irish settlers who came to this fertile, rolling country in 1842, and the Germans who followed them twelve years later, heard from the Menomonee and Pottawatomi Indians a legend that white men had placed a cross upon the hill long before, in the time of their chief's great-grandfather. These white men may have been Father Jacques Marquette and his companions. Inspired by this, or perhaps by man's natural association of lofty hills with the Divinity, the settlers themselves placed a cross on Holy Hill in 1858.

As time went on there was increased local interest in building a church on the hill, despite the difficulty of transporting building materials up its steep sides. In 1863 a chapel sixteen feet square was completed, all the logs for it having been hauled up the second half of the slope by human labor. It soon became apparent, however, that this small building was inadequate, and a larger church was planned. It was dedicated in 1881. Besides having to haul their materials up laboriously, the builders were obliged to slice twelve feet from the top of the hill to accommodate a building (and its grounds) seventy feet by forty-six feet. These first two churches were under the direction of local parishes, but in 1906 the shrine was turned over to the Carmelite fathers, who built the present shrine and monastery. For this third construction the elevation of the hill was reduced another twenty feet.

Holy Hill is visited annually by thousands of pilgrims, particularly during July when special services are held observing the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. It is reached on State Highway 167, a few miles off U. S. 41. ■

*Above right: The shrine and church of Holy Hill.
Below right: Freiss Lake, at the foot of the hill.*





FORD POWER LIFTS BIG LOADS

WHEN the Prairie Lumber Company opened up its timber lands in the rough Joseph Plains country between the lower Salmon and Snake rivers in southern Idaho, a means had to be devised to get the logs across the Salmon and to the mill.

There were three obvious possibilities: floating the logs across; building a bridge; or installing an aerial tramway. The stream was too swift to consider floating. The water level fluctuated so much from season to season that to build a bridge that would be usable the year around would have required a structure more than 400 feet in length.

In view of these factors, the aerial tramway won out, even though its construction would require some pioneering in that form of transportation. An 850-foot span of wire rope was suspended between two sets of 40-foot upright spars. A carriage unit was specially built to ride this skyline and carry logs suspended by wire rope slings.

To power this rig, which was to lug loads of up to 40 tons over the river, the company cast about and finally settled on a 145-hp Ford V-8 industrial engine. This engine, working through a three-drum converted Willamette donkey, easily swings the big timber over

the fast-moving Salmon.

The timber is trucked about twenty miles from the woods operation to the tramway, shown in the photograph on the opposite page. The complete load is then lifted by the tramway carriage slings, sped across the gorge, and placed intact on a truck-trailer waiting on the far shore. The tram-loaded truck then speeds the load to the company sawmill at Grangeville.

The big Ford industrial engine is now pulling between 100,000 and 150,000 board feet of lumber across the river each day, the average single load being approximately 5,000 board feet.

* * *

For more than thirty years the Gerlinger Carrier Company of Dallas, Oregon, has standardized

on Ford industrial power for the carriers, lift trucks, and other materials handling equipment it manufactures. Shown below is one of the fork lifts made by The Gerlinger firm, one of many models powered by the famous Ford "239" V-8 industrial engine. A transmission with four speeds forward and four reverse speeds provides a high degree of maneuverability and a wide range of power.

The Gerlinger people report, "The Ford line offers a series that is ideally adapted to the power requirements we serve, and thorough testing under the most rigorous conditions has proved that Ford industrial engines are truly a heavy duty type, designed for the rugged tasks our equipment must perform."





THE CORNWALL FURNACE

by Nancy A. FitzGerald

paintings by Hubert J. FitzGerald

PICTURE a modern steel plant in a Pennsylvania industrial city . . . giant stacks rising high in the air, smoke bellowing out, night skies glowing from the blaze of red hot flames, the pungent smell of burning carbon, gray houses dotting the landscape, workers streaming through factory gates.

With this scene in mind, take a drive along the Lakes-to-Sea Highway, U.S. Route 322, to the Borough of Cornwall, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, and view the contrast. Here in a peaceful tree-clad valley, Peter Grubb contracted for a modern charcoal furnace to be erected within a building of red sandstone, not far from a rich mountain of iron ore and a miners' village of quaint English cottages. That was in the year 1739. You will find the furnace still intact today, and though not operating, it could be put into use again on short notice.

The plant went into production in 1742, smelting the impure ore from the mine and preparing it for casting. Named the Cornwall Furnace for the county in England from which Peter Grubb's father migrated, it remained in almost continuous use for 141 years, until 1883. It was one of the first of its kind in this country, and is now the oldest surviving charcoal furnace in the United States.

A visitor to the Cornwall Furnace finds himself easily enfolded in the past. The building was constructed entirely of irregular red sandstone, dug some two hundred years ago from the nearby hills, and mellowed now to rich reds and browns. Built on the face of a steep hill, the result was an odd but interesting arrangement of floor levels, stairs and runways.

As you step inside the entrance, a bulletin is visible which reads: "October 26, 1778—NOTICE—General George Washington and General Lafayette will be here on Monday to see the casting of the first cannon." History tells us that forty-two

*Above left: The Cornwall Furnace, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania.
Below left: Home of the first superintendent of the Cornwall mine.*



← *The Miners' Village.*

cannons were cast at Cornwall Furnace for use by the Continental Army during the Revolutionary War. These cannons, together with shot and shells also made at Cornwall, were essential to the struggling patriot cause. One of the guns, weighing 18,000 pounds, proved too heavy to ship, so it was left at the furnace where it stands today.

The building was originally lighted by a number of black coal oil lamps, each one hung on a special hook by a furnace tender as he entered for the day's work. Today, duplicates of these lamps light the interior with the same cold eerie light, although the "flames" are specially designed electric bulbs.

Located not far from the furnace are the Cornwall ore hills, now owned by the Bethlehem Steel Company. These hills are the most productive in the State of Pennsylvania, and the mine is one of the best in the country, although worked steadily for over two hundred years. The mining site is comprised of three mountains of almost pure magnetic ore, producing iron that is as important to present national defense efforts as it was in making cannon and shot for the Continental Army. The sight into the chasm, thousands of feet below, is impressive.

The main street of the Miners' Village at Cornwall is similar to streets found in almost any English colliery town: a long narrow road lined with rows of cottages, many of them over two hundred years old. Population of the village is approximately 1,825 inhabitants, mostly of English and Welsh descent, whose chief employment is at the iron mine. Enterprising members of the younger set, however, have established their own businesses—selling chunks of iron ore to the tourists.

The Cornwall Furnace, which is now owned by the State of Pennsylvania, has been well preserved as a State Historical Shrine. Viewed in contrast with the scale of operations in a modern steel plant, it will give you an idea of the progress in this industry. But perhaps more impressive than change is the lack of change—ore still taken from the same, apparently inexhaustible, mine, dug by men who labor as their fathers did, who live in the homes of their forefathers, and provide the metal to make cannon and shot for national defense, as they did 175 years ago. Even the Cornwall Furnace stands ready to make another 18,000-pound cannon, if the need should ever arise. ■

← *The Cornwall Iron Mine.*



There's an Oven in Your Pocket

A New Look for the Outdoor Cook

story and photograph by Erwin A. Bauer

I REMEMBER last fall's fishing trip not for the bass we caught or the foliage we admired—but for the first meal I saw cooked without pots and pans, and eaten without using dishes. Charlie* McClellan brought about this phenomenon through the use of aluminum foil, the greatest boon to the outdoor cook and dishwasher since the invention of matches.

I cleaned the two bass we'd caught while Charlie built the fire. When the bed of coals was ready, he cut two forked sticks of green willow. He used these to place four round foil-wrapped packages in the coals. Two of these contained Hungarian goulash, the other two our dessert—baked apples.

But the main course was bass

à la foil! Here's how:

Charlie salted the fish, placed slices of onion on top of them, and wrapped them in strips of bacon. Next he sealed the fish individually in double wrappings of aluminum foil and placed them in small openings which he scooped in the hot coals. In ten or twelve minutes, they were done. We unwrapped them, and ate them from the foil itself, which served as a plate. This method of cooking bass raises it to the fish delicacy class. All the natural juices and flavor are sealed in, thus making the foil a miniature steam cooker.

The uses of foil for the outdoor cook are innumerable. Charlie McClellan has made it a specialty. He once surprised a party of four of us with chop suey, baked potatoes and hot tea. Even the tea was made in individual cups fashioned from foil. Just be sure you let it cool a bit!

A few minutes' preparation at home provides hot outdoor meals. But still no pots, pans or dishes to carry. Foil does the job.

Make generous patties of ground beef, salt them, and add celery or parsley flakes for extra flavor. Slice an onion, and place a slice or two along with the beef. Wrap each patty in two thicknesses of foil. Keep them in the refrigerator until it's time to leave for the day's adventure. They will go practically unnoticed in your hunting coat pocket.

When your noon-day fire has a bed of coals, simply drop the

aluminum "cookers" in. Leave them there eight to fifteen minutes, depending on how well done you like your beef. Remove, cool for a few seconds, unwrap and devour. You can either throw your "dish" away, or fold it up and wash it when you get home, to use again.

There are such things as collapsible frying pans, and hinged ones with break-down handles. But with the use of aluminum foil, the era of the true folding skillet and vest-pocket-collapsing cooking pot is here. You carry them in your pocket, like a handkerchief.

You can fry eggs and pancakes on foil, but you have to cheat a little. You need a thin sheet metal piece under the foil, so it won't sag over the fire; and it's tough to turn pancakes with a forked stick, so carry a spatula.

A whole chicken, or duck, or cuts of your squirrel or rabbit, will roast and brown beautifully wrapped in foil. Also, you can bake wonderful biscuits from any of the prepared doughs on the market. The trick with the biscuits is to wrap the dough loosely to allow for expansion. Place them near, not on, the hot coals.

So it comes to pass that the following bit of outdoor culinary dialog is literally true:

"We're going to have biscuits this noon," says the cook.

"Where's the oven?" inquires the skeptical guest.

And the cook nonchalantly replies: "In my hip pocket." ■



Favorite Recipes of Famous Taverns

The Silvermine Tavern, pleasantly situated overlooking a river and a waterfall, is in Norwalk, Connecticut, not far from the Merritt Parkway's exit 38. Breakfast, lunch and dinner served, every day. Overnight accommodations.

Honey Buns

4½ ounces sugar
2 egg yolks
1½ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk, warm
4½ ounces shortening
1½ ounces yeast
½ cup warm water
1 teaspoon sugar
1½ pounds flour

Combine sugar, yolks, and salt. Blend warm milk and shortening and add to yolk mixture. Crumble yeast into warm water, add a teaspoon of sugar. Dissolve

and let rise a little. Combine with egg mixture. Gradually add flour until dough is stiff. Place in greased bowl, cover and place in warm spot until dough doubles in bulk. Roll dough out oblong and brush with melted butter. Sprinkle thickly with brown sugar and cinnamon. Roll up like a jelly roll and cut in one-inch slices. Place in buttered muffin pans, brown sugar and butter in bottom of pan. Let rise for about ¾ of an hour. Bake in moderate oven for 20-30 minutes until brown on bottom. Remove from pans as soon as taken from the oven. Makes about 3 dozen small buns.

←painting of Silvermine Tavern by Alois Fabry, Jr.

←painting of Wagon Wheel by Robert E. O'Meara.

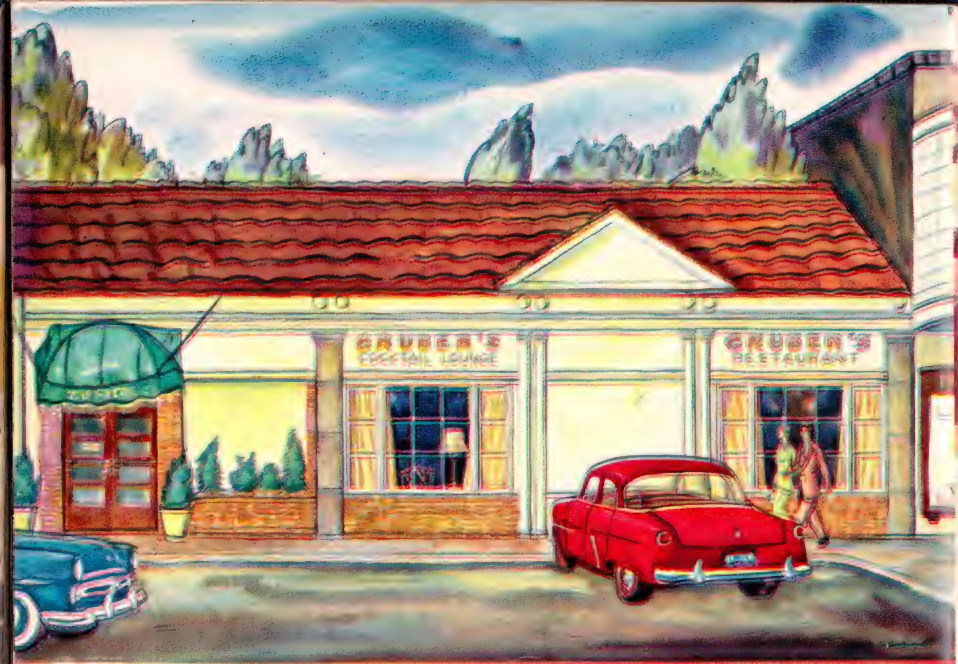
The Wagon Wheel is conveniently located at the junction of State Highways 2 and 75 in Rockton, Illinois, and is open every day for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Overnight accommodations. Reservations advisable.

Lusch Torte

½ pound butter
1 pound confectioner's sugar
½ pound vanilla wafers
1 cup broken pecans
6 egg yolks
4 egg whites
Salt and vanilla, to taste

Crush wafers into crumbs, save ¼ cup crumbs to top torte. Add 2 tablespoons pecans, 2 tablespoons sugar and enough butter to hold mixture together to remaining crumbs. Press into the bottom of one-and-a-half inch deep pan, eight-inches square. Bake in 300°

oven until slightly browned, then cool. Take ½ cup of sugar for meringue. Then take part of remaining sugar and the butter and put into mixer. Start at slow speed and increase to fast gradually. Add remaining sugar and whip thoroughly. Add egg yolks, one at a time, whipping thoroughly. Fold in pecans. Make meringue of egg whites and ½ cup of sugar and slowly fold into butter mixture. Place over wafer crust and top with crumbs and nuts. Cover with heavy wax paper and put into deep freeze or refrigerator tray for at least 12 hours. Cut into small squares and serve with whipped cream. Serves 12.



Gruber's, one of the finest eating places around Cleveland, Ohio, is in the suburb of Shaker Heights at 20120 Van Aken Boulevard at the intersection of Route 422. Open every day, except Sunday, from 5:00 p.m. to 2:00 a.m. Reservations necessary.

Baked Spinach Soufflé

2 pounds fresh, cooked spinach,
chopped fine
3 tablespoons finely chopped onion
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
6 egg whites
2 cups chestnuts, chopped fine
¼ cup melted butter
Hard boiled eggs, to garnish

Add onion to spinach which has been

chopped and placed in a bowl. Then add salt, pepper and egg whites. Beat together with wire whip until smooth. Have ready a three pint mold ring greased with butter. Fill mold with spinach mixture and bake in 375° oven for 20 minutes. Remove from mold and turn out on platter. Fill center with chestnuts and melted butter. Surround with hard boiled eggs cut in quarters. At this restaurant the soufflé is often served with fowl. Serves 12.

←painting of Gruber's by Worman P. Gutschmidt.

←painting of Commander's Palace by Adolph Kronengold.

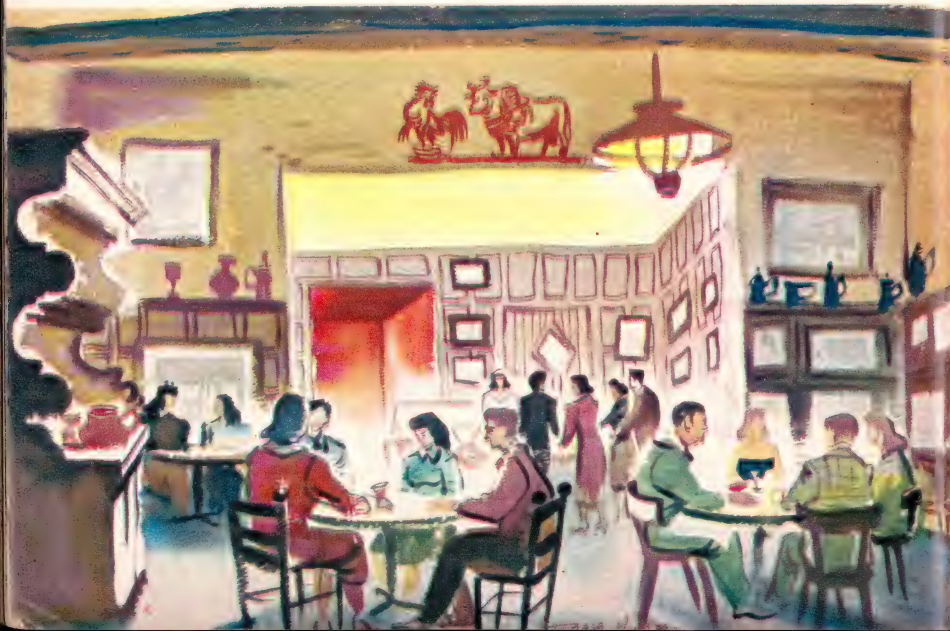
Commander's Palace since 1880 has been located in downtown New Orleans, Louisiana, at Washington Avenue and Coliseum Street. Frank Moran is the owner of the excellent luncheon and dinner spot which is open every day from 11:00 a.m. to 1:00 a.m. Better make reservations as it is extremely popular for both noon and evening dining.

Remoulade Sauce

2 eggs
4 tablespoons paprika
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup Creole mustard
¼ cup tomato catsup
3 bay leaves
1 lemon
1½ pints vegetable oil
½ cup vinegar
2 tablespoons horseradish
3 cloves garlic
½ cup shallots
½ cup celery

2 stalks parsley
Tabasco to taste

Put eggs, salt, paprika and creole mustard into a mixing bowl. Add oil very slowly. After it is thick, thin with vinegar. Grate lemon rind into mixture, then quarter lemon and squeeze in juice. Finely chop celery, garlic, parsley and shallots; add to mixture. Blend in catsup, bay leaves, horseradish and tabasco. Chill for six hours. Serve with cold fish or meat. Recipe makes one-and-a-half quarts.



The Glass House restaurant is north of Chattanooga, Tennessee, on U. S. 41, at the intersection of 33rd and Broad. Open every day for breakfast, lunch and dinner. It is one of a chain; there are twenty restaurants of the same name and management throughout the south.

Coconut Cream Pie

1 cup coconut
1 quart milk
2 large eggs
1 cup sugar
Pinch of salt
2 heaping tablespoons cornstarch
1 tablespoon butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla
1 8-inch pie shell, baked

Separate eggs, saving whites for meringue. Beat yolks into 3 cups of milk,

adding sugar and salt. Heat in double boiler. Mix cornstarch and remaining milk and blend with first milk mixture. Add butter. Stir until this mixture thickens and sticks to spoon. Remove from fire and add vanilla. Pour half of cream filling into pie shell and sprinkle with coconut. Add remaining filling and sprinkle with additional coconut. Whip up egg whites and cover pie with meringue. Sprinkle remaining coconut over top. Put in 350° oven until meringue and coconut are browned.

←painting of *The Glass House* by John A. King.

←painting of *The Cock 'n Bull* by Ralph Hulett.

The Cock 'n Bull has an English atmosphere that was created by the owner, John Morgan, after his years of residence in Britain. It is at 9170 Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood, California, and is open every day from noon to 2:30 p.m., and from 6:00 to 11:00 p.m.

Cornish Pastry

2 pounds diced beef
2 large potatoes, diced
1 large onion, sliced very thin
Salt and white pepper, to taste
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup beef stock or finely ground suet
Pie dough to cover sides of 10" x 18" pan, 3" deep, and top crust

Cover bottom and sides of pan. First add layer of diced beef, then layer of onion and then diced potatoes. Repeat this process until pan is reasonably full. Add beef stock or suet. Cover top

with crust. Bake about an hour and a half in a 350° oven. This recipe will serve 12.

Mustard Sauce

2 tablespoons mustard
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon sugar
Pinch of salt
1 tablespoon melted butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar.

Mix well and serve with hot or cold lamb.

GAME SECTION

What Is It?

Despite the magnifying eye of the camera you should be able to recognize these soda fountain staples. Answers below.

photos by Three Lions

- 4 Chocolate shot or spritzels
- 3 Stacked paper cups
- 2 Cracked ice
- 1 Ice cream scoop





Contributors



After receiving the story by COREY FORD about Hanover and its dogs (page 2), we wrote to the author's master, an English setter named Cider, for biographical facts and were rewarded with a well-

typed letter containing a lot of valuable information. For instance, Cider is proud to be in charge of an eminent writer, but he is even prouder that the author recently had a trout fly named after him. It is called the Corey Ford fly and has a gray tail and a cream-colored body, although Mr. Ford has a pink body and no tail at all. Cider's charge, a graduate of Dartmouth, class of '21, has written many books and articles between fishing and tours of duty as a colonel in the Air Force. Also, he is unmarried.

Cider has a paragraph about himself. He says he doesn't like shaggy dog stories. He feels that if dogs want to talk foolishly in barrooms it's all right with him, but he doesn't see why people laugh.



JOHN R. CLIFT wrote and illustrated the story about Chapala, Mexico (page 34). A native of Taunton, Massachusetts, he started sketching at an early age and did his first watercolors with a brush improvised from clippings of his own hair. After a tour of duty in the Navy, he enrolled at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston and staved off starvation by working variously as a cranberry picker and grave digger. In 1952 he won a fellowship at the school and was able to spend six months in Mexico, one result of which is the group of pictures reproduced in this issue.



NANCY and HUBERT FITZGERALD, natives of Pennsylvania, wrote and illustrated, respectively, the story on Cornwall Furnace (page 51,) which is the result of a hobby they both delight in—visiting historic sites. Mrs. FitzGerald, who was a secretary before she married and became a housewife, writes for the fun of it. Her husband is a graduate of Carnegie Tech's College of Fine Arts. He has been exhibiting his paintings since his early teens and has won recognition in shows all across the country. He works as an artist-designer in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.



“**M**y dog made up my mind to live in Hanover. My dog is a large English setter, who acquired me when he was about six months old, and who has been making up my mind for him ever since . . . when the time came to choose a place to live, I left the whole decision to him.”

Because Corey Eord had the good sense to trust his dog's intelligence, he and the dog were able to work out a literary collaboration which resulted in the merry story of Hanover, New Hampshire, one of the pleasantest of all New England college towns. The painting is by Paul Sample, who also illustrated the story (page 2).



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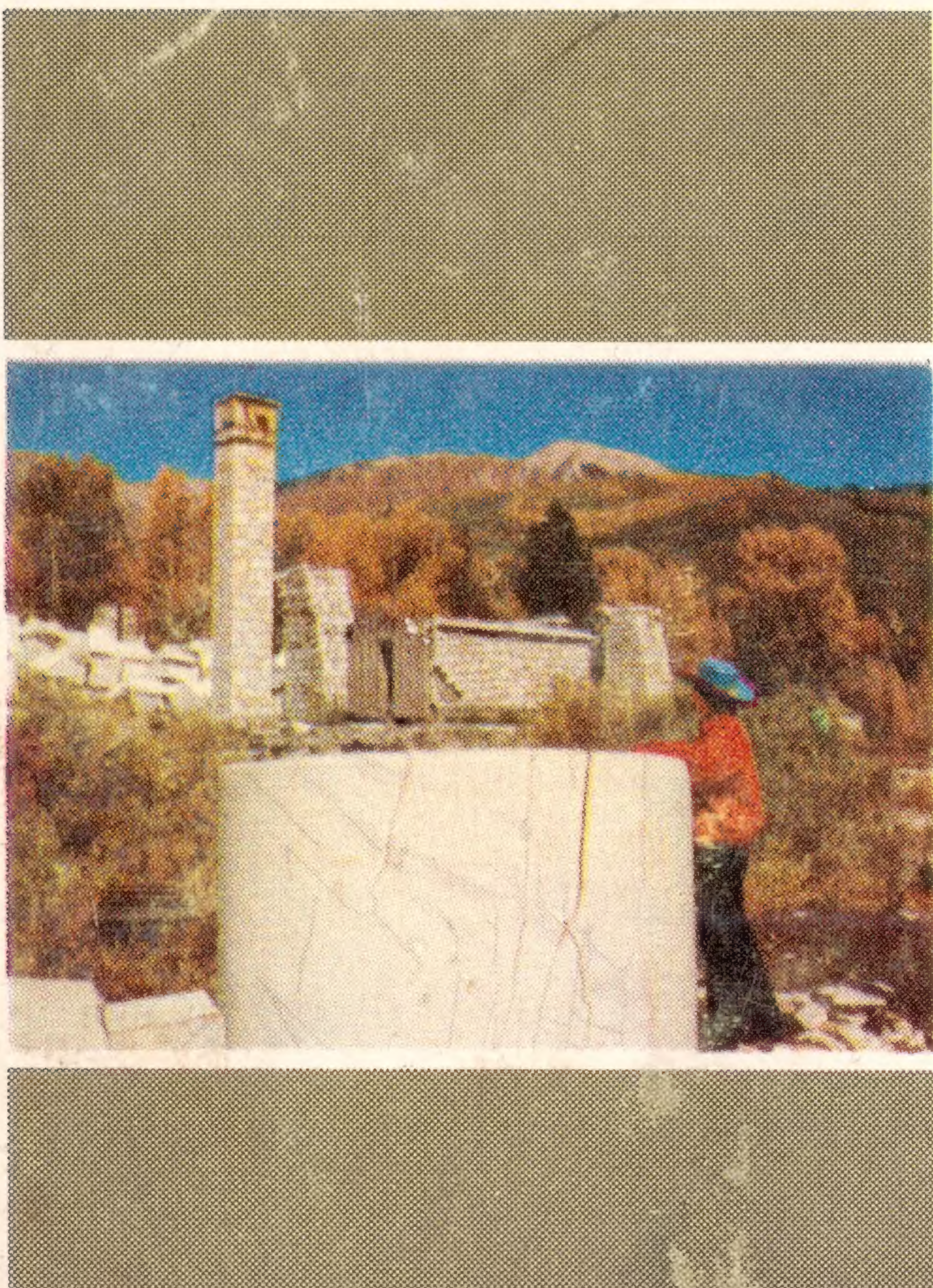
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Front cover—Marble, a ghost town in the Colorado wilds, boomed as gaily as a gold camp when stone was popular in building. Today it is a fine ruin. Forrest Yockey took this picture and those with the Marble story (page 23).

The FORD TIMES comes to you through the courtesy of your local dealer to add to your motoring pleasure and information.